

## McLAURIN DELIVERS RED HOT REJOINDER

Warehouse Commissioner Takes Exception to Opprobrious Term as Applied to Him By John Gary Evans.

The Record.

"It will thus be seen that the opposition to your resolution was not, as you state, that the State committee had the power to allow the commissioner to carry the matter into politics, but whether the warehouse system should be endangered and destroyed by the ambition of a discredited politician seeking to carry it into politics for personal reasons."

The foregoing was used by John Gary Evans of Spartanburg chairman of the State Democratic executive committee, in a letter to J. Arthur Banks of St. Matthews, senator from Calhoun county, and its verbatim referred to John L. McLaurin, State warehouse commissioner.

"I defeated him for the United States senate on the issue of 'Commercial Democracy,'" said Commissioner McLaurin in reply to Mr. Evans, "and have never been defeated for any office for which I was a candidate, while he has gone down in defeat time and time again." The commissioner says that Mr. Evans has never forgiven him for the terms, "apost," and "imitator," and "the squeak of a squeedunk, trying to imitate the blast of a trumpet," applied to Mr. Evans.

Commissioner McLaurin also charges that when a "man not restrained by conscientious scruples" was desired in 1912 to "overturn the results of the election" John Gary Evans was elected State chairman.

### Raps Bethea.

The warehouse commissioner also pays his respects to A. J. Bethea, lieutenant governor, and announces that Commissioner McLaurin will not run for lieutenant governor or any other office this summer.

The controversy was the result of a letter published in the press of the State by Senator Banks, as president of the South Carolina Warehouse association, in which he asked Chairman Evans if State warehouse commissioner was not a State office, and if so, should not the State warehouse commissioner be nominated in the primary and have a place in the campaign. In his reply Mr. Evans gave as his opinion that the warehouse commissioner was a State office, but that the action of the State Democratic convention showed that it did not want the office considered political and that the executive committee, in effect, was instructed to keep this office out of politics.

"There is no place in the Democratic primary election or the campaign for the warehouse commissioner and I shall endeavor to carry out the intention as well as the expressed desire of the State convention," says Mr. Evans' letter.

"We have been denied our lawful right," concludes a statement to the warehousemen of South Carolina, given out by Senator Banks, "but we may still conduct a campaign of enlightenment by arranging meetings for discussion of the warehouse system and the possibilities of its extension and perfection, which I feel confident, you, as members of the association, will arrange."

Commissioner McLaurin verbally amended the statement of Senator Banks by stating that the State warehouse commissioner would go into

every county in the State this summer, hold independent meetings and discuss the principles upon which the warehouse system is built and the problems that have to be solved.

### Evans' Letter.

The following is the letter of Chairman Evans to Senator Banks, under date of May 25th:

"I have your letter in which you ask me this question: 'Is not the office of State warehouse commissioner a State office?' And if so does not the law require that the commissioner be nominated in the primary, and if so should he not have a place in the campaign.' In my opinion the office of State warehouse commissioner is a State office, but in view of the action taken by the recent convention of the Democratic party, held in Columbia on the 17th inst. I am of the opinion that the State warehouse commissioner has no place in the Democratic primary nor in the campaign.

"As chairman of the State Democratic committee I am bound by the action of the State convention, and that convention expressed, more than once, its desire that the office of State warehouse commissioner should not be considered a political office, and that it should be kept out of the primaries. In fact the sole object of your resolution was to place this office in politics and the debate shows that the convention intended to keep it out.

"Mr. Graydon of Abbeville is quoted as saying in the debate: 'If you want to kill the system put it in politics.' He argued that it should be entirely a business office. Mr. D. S. Henderson of Aiken stated that: 'The question is not the efficacy of the warehouse system but the matter of changing the system from a business organization to a political machine. Don't let us drag it into politics. We have not forgotten that this man who wants this system put in politics, wanted to introduce commercial democracy in South Carolina.' It will thus be seen that the opposition to your resolution was not as you state, 'that the State committee had the power to allow the commissioner to carry the matter into politics,' but whether the warehouse system should be endangered and destroyed by the ambition of a discredited politician seeking to carry it into politics for personal reasons.

"I, therefore, hold that the action of the convention was an instruction to the State committee to keep his office out of politics. There is no place in the Democratic primary election or campaign for the warehouse commissioner and I shall endeavor to carry out the intention as well as the expressed desire of the State convention."

### McLaurin's Reply.

Senator McLaurin in reply to State Chairman Evans, said:

"The term 'discredited politician' comes with poor grace from ex-Governor Evans. I defeated him for the United States senate on the issue of 'Commercial Democracy,' and have never been defeated for any office for which I was a candidate, while he has gone down in defeat time and again. He has never forgiven me the terms 'apost' and 'imitator,' 'the squeak of a squeedunk, trying to imitate the blast of a trumpet.' That showed him up, and the people of this State took his measure. He is now lined up with his former enemies trying to crash his former friends. I am standing by the same principles I started on, and will die there.

"He owes his position as State

chairman to the fact that in 1912 some man not restrained by conscientious scruples was needed to overturn the verdict of the people at the ballot box. It was a wise choice, and would have carried out its purpose but that he was overawed by a people's wrath.

"My friends in the convention only asked a plain right conferred by the statute law. He admits this legal right. How, then, could a convention repeal or ignore Section 282, saying 'all State officers shall go into the primary'?"

"It matters not to me personally. I am trying to discharge my duty, and will continue discussing these issues. I am just back from Anderson and Greenville, and have plenty of invitations to keep me busy. 'Let the heathen rage.'"

"Mr. Evans refers to my resolution. He is mistaken. I knew Mr. Evans' crowd, and never even asked for my rights. It was the resolution of a body of representative farmers, and his answer to this body is, 'Rather than give you what you request, we will violate the law to defeat it.' My proposition was to run for lieutenant governor, but the warehouse association would not consent, and so the present lieutenant governor may rest his soul in peace. I shall not run for any office.

"I agree with him as to the long list of distinguished men who have previously held the office. They made the office great. Everybody agrees that it is big enough for the present occupant. Times have changed, as well as lieutenant governors. None of them before ever made it the basis of a junketing trip to Europe to advertise a vulgar millionaire. They could not afford it."

## A TRIBUTE TO A NOBLE WOMAN

In a nearby country churchyard there stands at the head of one of its graves a modest headstone with the word "Mother" carved upon it and as usual the name and the dates of birth and death; and then follows the simplest, the most touching, the most pathetic, the most eloquent and to my mind the most perfect epitaph of all the countless efforts I have read, by which affectionate sorrow has sought to display itself upon the monuments that mark the last earthly resting places of the beloved dead. It simply says: "Everything about the house seems so different since she has gone." I can never read those simple words but that my eyes are dimmed with tears. So natural. So made. So childlike. So human. So full of loneliness. So eloquent of love. So filled with the bitter truth that life is but a synonym for loss—if but indeed one long parting—one long goodbye.

"Everything about the house is so different since mother has gone." If some fond heart can truthfully inscribe above my head when I have gone just those words in substance I think my sleep would be sweeter.

For well nigh half a century a good wife. A mother. The heart of a home. Aye, more, the mind and soul of it, without whom it were not. A woman of character. Of native dignity. Of poise. Of courage. And withal of tenderness and affection deep and true. Who can tell anything about such a character, or its benign influence, or its simple grandeur in the true sense of that word, and above all of its sweetness and loveliness.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ship; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet garments of double thickness. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles to the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she

shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many laughers have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, he shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The greatest forces in nature are silent and hidden. Silently the spring-time its crown of verdure weaves and all the trees on all the hills put forth their thousand leaves. The spheres swing in their vast orbits through limitless space held and kept by the silent, hidden forces that hold them in their eternal places. The Power of Woman! Hidden—silent—profound—mysterious—quiet—gentle—unseen; it knits hearts together in the truest union—it is, if not divine, the most nearly so of any human attribute.

A beautiful young woman in every sense of the word—a beautiful matron in every sense of the word—one ever came under the influence of the character of Miss Mary Jane Scruggs, or, as she was destined to be, Mrs. H. Clinton Summers, but what that person received an impression that raised all humanity in his or her estimation to a higher plane.

The lessons and influences that such a life teaches and exerts are not written or recorded in characters material and tangible and visible to the bodily sense, but they are none the less effective and none the less imperishable. They live and are a light. They live in others' lives. They will appear to work for good in this world in hearts as yet unborn. In the aggregate they mould a people—it is they inspire nations to love the paths of virtue and of purity and of honor. The home-makers are the character builders under their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whom He chooses above all other instrumentalities—whether preacher, or poet, or philosopher, or statesman, or law giver, or teacher to build character, and thus to make the world better and sweeter and cleaner by laying the foundations in the hearts and minds of men and women for the superstructure of higher and better aspirations and achievements.

The priestess that presides at the altar of the home knows the doctrine of love above all others, and if there be one creature under heaven or on earth that can teach the theologian even what is the love of God it is the mother.

We say, "She has gone." In one sense, yes. But in a thousand ways, no. No one of us can ever tell how far the potent influences set in motion and radiating from one good woman's sphere of action shall reach and reform and redeem. Such an influence, so emanating, is an endless chain for good. It is an ever-widening power. The future has its hope in the home. The home is what the mother may make it. No stream can rise higher than its source. Our daughters are our richest assets. The example and the precepts and the life of such women as she upon whose new made grave is laid this tribute of respect are the lessons that may

teach the deepest truths to those that are to be the mothers and makers of men, and thus the real rulers under God of our destinies—the arbiters of our fate.

A temporary inmate of her home, which was the old ante-bellum, colonial mansion in which the writer was born, it was my privilege to be intimately associated with Mrs. Summers for some months before the end. Patient. Uncomplaining. Cheerful, though stricken. Thoughtful of others. Loving and beloved. Who can come into contact with such a character and not be the better for it?

That even her going itself may be a lesson as was her life, let me, for that purpose only unless it be that her many loving friends will be glad to hear of any incident however trivial attending her demise, recite this sad but suggestive coincidence. Mrs. Summers was at the evening meal and appeared to be better than usual. After the meal and seated in the family circle around the fire I had just written and read aloud the last word of the following lines when she complained of the sudden pain that was to prove the beginning of the end.

### The Future.

Could it be given to a man to know  
The ill that is to him to come,  
Perchance within an hour or so,  
'Twould all his faculties benumb;

His soul would tremble like dry grass  
Tossed by the storm on withered stem,  
Howe'er fearless, a child would pass  
Through every fibre, like a requiem

Of dead delights and peace as well.  
The sweetness of each flower would  
Be a stench—  
All beauty loathsome and the earth a hell—

Each vital fire of joy and hope  
'Twould quench,  
And all a charnel house of chaos dire  
Would his soul be, trampled by fear

Into the very mire and mire  
Of sure misfortune near.  
Thank God we're blind to what the  
hours unborn may hold

And know not what before us lies,  
And that sweet hope deceives and  
makes us bold,  
Expecting ever earth to be as fair  
as Paradise.

Thank God that when we do remember that, as true

As that we live, sorrow will find us out,

We can to Him who made and died to save us too,  
Turn trustful eyes; and put our fears to rout;

Knowing that He who loves us as His own most dear,

Who tempereth to the lamb that's shorn the storm,  
Will walk with us the vale through shadows drear

Giving us grace to face our ills in every form!

Even as the last word was read the peaceful hearthstone was the scene of trouble and distress, and again was the truth about to be brought home to us that in the midst of life we are in death. Would that we all were as well prepared for that inevitable, dread visitor as was this heroic,

faithful, gentle Christian wife and mother.

The lines that follow are so pertinent that they are subjoined to this tribute of respect by one who knew this noble woman now gone to her reward. Written and read by the writer in the hearing of Mrs. Summers before she passed away it seems not inappropriate to set it forth as a memorial.

### Earth's Great Ones.

His mind conceived the wondrous instrument

That a whole people find their liberties safe-guarded by—

And at his death the very firmament quivers with the intensity of a nation's cry.

And monumental tribute names him of the great—

Because he made a state.

Another's mind conceived the wondrous battle plan

Upon whose issue hangs of countless lives the fate

And hopes for centuries to come of millions yet unborn. This man—

The victor;—the orator, the bard, the young, the old congratulate;

And monumental tribute names him of the great

Because he saved a state.

Another's mind conceived the wondrous melody

That fills a country's heart with patriotic pride—

He penned the patriotic words that e'er shall be

The inspiration of the free man and his guide;

And monumental tribute names him of the great

For he inspired a state.

In an old village churchyard is a grave

About which violets are peeping forth this soft, Spring day—

Its tombstone tells not of the wise, the genius or the brave;

But one word—"Mother"—does the simple stone for epitaph display;—

No monumental tribute rises here to heaven's dome—

She only made a home.

Ah, wondrously in love she made its constitution and its laws;

She fought—ah, God, how valiantly—its countless foes;

Her very self for food she gave; its inspiration she; and she the cause

When that home sent out graceful daughters—saints; and manly sons—heroes;

Of self she thought not, nor of what was writ in the Recording Angel's tome;—

She only made a home.

And, when the Master shall His hand in benediction lay

And place the crown of stars most glorious on the head

Which He deems on that glad millennial day

The one upon which highest honors should be shed,

Will His discerning eye amongst earth's great ones roam,

Or find out "Mother" who but made a Home?

Jno. B. Adger Mullally.

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